THE BATTLE OF THE BONNETS,

A

POLITICAL POEM,

FROM THE

ERSE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the Reader will have no Doubt, after his Peruſal of the following Poem, that the great MILTON took his Hint of the Battle of the Angels, from the original Erſe, in which it was written, and ſtiled the Battle of the Genii; he will probably think the Tranſlator has taken too great a Liberty with ſo venerable a Fragment, in giving it a more ludicrous Title. But as it is neceſſary to ſuit Circumſtances to Times, he hopes to ſtand excuſed, in this Age of Merriment and Levity, for rhetorically taking that which covers the Head, for the Head itſelf, as the Head is frequently for the Underſtanding; ſo that the Reader of the graveſt Turn may ſtill peruſe it with the ſame Edification, as if he had an Opportunity of conſulting the Original.

REBEL SPRIGHTS.

DRACO, the Chief,	L---d B----.
FERGUS,	L---d C-----m, once Mr. P---.
ELCHUS,	L---d S-----h.
GILLAS,	The D--- of B---d.
His Mate,	R. R----y, Eſq.
SIMON SCOT,	L---d M---n---d.
GLANDBUCK,	L---d B-----n.
The THANE, an Orator,	G---- G---n---e.
STEWARD-ROY,	D--- of G----n.

LOYAL SPRIGHTS.

The King of the Sprights,	G. II.
His SON,	D---e of C---m----d.
LEGNOR,	J--- W----s, Eſq.
GRANDA,	E--- of T-----e.
AMMEL,	Mr. P---, now L---d C-----m.
MURDOCH,	L---d C---d----n.
URSQUE,	L---d R---k----m.
LIGHTFOOT,	E--- B---ke, Eſq.

ERRATUM.

Page 11. Line 16, for fledging, read flying.

THE BATTLE OF THE GENII.

CANTO I.

E'ER Time began his infant race,
Tho' now he runs ſo rare a pace,
That if, as I have often heard,
You do not catch him by the beard,
You ſtand no chance; becauſe you'll find
He han't a ſingle hair behind:
You therefore narrowly muſt watch him,
If you have any thought to catch him;

But may as well, if once you fail,
Catch a greas'd pig without a tail.
But to return; e'er Time begun
To walk or move, much leſs to run,
High in the air there reign'd a King,
Whoſe worth, my northern Muſe ſhall ſing.
Soon as the ſun with gentle glow
Her frozen chaps and tongue ſhall thaw;
But even then the mighty Theme,
More warmth than ſhe can ſpare will claim.
And ſo to cut the matter ſhort,
As you may ſee I've reaſon for't;
I'll only ſay he all things knew,
And ſwift as thought could all things do:
By which you will, perhaps, infer,
He was both King and Conjuror.
Let it be ſo: the Sprites of Air
His true and loyal Subjects were;
In glory ſome the reſt out-ſhone;
Becauſe he plac'd 'em near the throne.
But then be ſure if any ſpirit
Was rais'd, it was alone by merit.
No places were obtain'd by crimping,
Nor eke by brib'ry or pimping.

One Draco, a great northern Sprite,
Was then at Court a Favourite;
To whom the Subs paid rev'rence due,
As we to Peers and Placemen do.
Upon his breaſt a Star was plac'd,
And a blue Helm his Noddle grac'd;
When firſt you caſt your eyes upon it,
You'd ſwear it was a Scotchman's Bonnet,
And in the North, from whence he came,
All his dependants wore the ſame:
For in thoſe northern realms of day,
This haughty Nabob bore great ſway.
It pleas'd the King, into his Hall,
His Peers and Commoners to call,
To whom he made a Speech, and told,
He'd ſomething ſerious to unfold.
I call'd you hither to declare
This Youth, I have ordain'd my Heir;
And therefore I inſiſt that he,
Receive the ſame reſpect as me;
If any Spirit dare to grumble,
I'll give the Varlet ſuch a tumble,
That he ſhall wiſh he had been rather
Set in the Stocks three months together.

They all ſeem'd pleas'd with this decree,
And ſung and danc'd moſt merrily;
Not ſuch a queer unmeaning dance,
As Britain lately had with France;
When in a moſt pacific vein,
She footed o'er from France to Spain;
But had not he who 'gan the ball,
Receiv'd a moſt unlucky fall,
Occaſion'd by a d——d Jack Boot,
By ſome falſe hearted Loon held out,
To trip him up; the dance had ended,
As he who firſt began intended;
But he being gone, a furious rout
Began of turning in and out,
But ſtill the In's bow'd down to Boot;
Juſt as the Babyloniſh Peers
Bow'd empty Sculls and aſſes Ears,
To a great piece of gilded wood,
Becauſe the King thought fit they ſhould.
But leaving both the In's and Out's,
Great Rogues in Shoes as well as Boots;
The plague and curſe of every nation,
Return we to our Erſk tranſlation.

If

If you remember right, I ſaid,
E'er this queer dance broke through my thread;
That all were pleas'd with this decree,
And ſung and danc'd moſt merrily:
But DRACO's Soul was ſore perplext,
And 'ſtead of being pleas'd, was vext;
And tho' he ſeem'd to ſmile upon't,
He took it for a great affront
On his grand Self; that any Sprite
Should be advanc'd above his hight;
Which made this worſt of rogues conceive
A thought, that you will ſcarce believe;
It was by fraud or force to fling
Down from his throne, this glorious King;
Therefore, as ſoon as twelve had ſtruck,
At midnight, by the palace clock,
He ſtrait reſolv'd to leave the dance,
And with his truſty loons advance,
To his own province, in the North,
On which he quickly ſally'd forth,
To ſeek his Comrade next in pow'r,
Who ſlept ſo ſound, he heard him ſnore
A dozen German leagues or more.

Gently he drew aſide the Cloaths,
Then pinch'd his ears and tweak'd his noſe:
But FIRGUS bore as mickle ſhoving,
As Cits do when their wives are loving.
Before he wak'd, b'ing fagg'd that day
With dancing of the northern Hay.
So ſlept as ſound, and ſnor'd as faſt,
As if he meant to ſnore his laſt.
A pinch right Scotch, the ſlumber broke,
And firſt he ſneez'd and then he ſpoke;
Confound your fingers, whoſe are thoſe,
That dare ſo rudely pull my noſe.
DRACO replies, I cannot think,
How you my Chum can ſleep a wink,
After what yeſterday, was ſaid,
By him I once allow'd my head;
But ſhall not any longer now,
(I mention this 'twixt me and you).
To me thou always didſt impart
The very ſecrets of thy heart;
And I the ſame to thee alone,
Sleeping or waking we were one.
How can you then your ſlumbers take,
Whilſt your old Cronie keeps awake;

But,

But yeſterday, did you not hear?
The King created a new Peer!
And what the moſt doth fret my gall,
He takes the right hand of us all:
Not only that, but I'm afraid,
His orders all muſt be obey'd;
When he thoſe orders ſhall declare,
As much as if the King was there;
And then, perhaps, for any cauſe
He may impoſe on us new laws,
Laws, which my Friend, perhaps we may
Not think ſo proper to obey.
But I'll, at preſent, ſay no more,
Some other time we'll talk it o'er;
And with due thought the matter handle,
Now, TACE's Latin for a candle;
But to the point in hand, do thou
Aſſemble all our Captains now;
Tell 'em to muſter up their bands,
For I have juſt receiv'd commands,
To march into the North away,
Five or ſix hours before 'tis day;
Where I'm to teach each Loobie how
To make a very handſome bow.

To this new Nabob who will come,
By ſound of trump and beat of drum;
And thro' each diff'rent province go,
To let our raggamuffins know;
That tho' at home we look ſo trim,
We are but Slaves and Subs to him;
But if I'm right, the de'il a bow
Will he obtain from me or you.
Poor FIRGUS gap'd and ſcratch'd his head,
And liſten'd as he ſat in bed;
His cloaths he had no pow'r to don,
Nor had he drawn a ſtocking on,
But this ſame Speech ſoon made the elf,
As great a rogue as DRACO's ſelf.
Inſtant he ſtarted off the bed,
And whipp'd his night-cap from his head;
And then his coat and waiſtcoat put on,
But did not ſtay to pin or button:
In ſuch great haſte away he flew,
He left one ſtocking and one ſhoe;
Tho' that he minded not at all,
But inſtantly the Chiefs did call;
And told, as he was bid, the caſe,
With a grave Preſbyterian face;

And when he pop'd in, by the by,
An inuendo, or a lye,
Juſt like theſe rogues he cock'd his eye.
Thus did the knave beat round and round,
And fiſh to try if all were ſound;
His only aim was to unſaint 'em,
And with his roguiſh notions taint them;
But when the ſignal once was made,
Both ſound and rotten Sprites obey'd;
As they were us'd to do before,
For great was DRACO's name and power,
And high his luſtre; for his face
Outſhone the brighteſt poliſh'd braſs;
And his deceitful lying tongue
Was like a female's glibly hung;
Thus tempting both their ears and eyes,
No wonder he with helliſh lies;
From their allegiance foully drew
A third of all the airey crew.
In the mean time the King who ſat,
Where he could ſee all matters; that
Were done, and hear 'em too: for he
Had got a whiſp'ring gallery;

From where he heard as well as ſaw,
How his affairs went on below.
Perceiv'd this haughty northern Spark
Raiſing rebellion in the dark;
And ſmil'd, the buſtling knave to ſee
So buſy about roguery;
Then turn'd, and with his finger beckon'd,
To him, that he'd proclaim'd his ſecond;
Look here, my fav'rite boy, and you,
Through this ſmall tube will plainly view,
Yon haughty proud imperious Loon,
Intends to raiſe rebellion ſoon;
He's making Intereſt in the North,
From whence he means to ſally forth;
Fully reſolv'd in mind to try,
The very beſt that you and I
Can do againſt him; his deſign
Is to demoliſh me and mine;
Therefore look ſharp, and muſter pray
All thoſe that are not run away;
Leaſt Draco unprepar'd ſhould catch us,
And ſtand a chance to overmatch us;

To

To whom the youth replies, Great Sir!
I know you laugh at all this ſtir!
To me it will produce great Fame,
Theſe itchy ſcabby Loons to tame;
And to a mummy, when I meet 'em,
You may depend upon't I'll beat 'em.
By this time DRACO with his crew
(Which CAITHBUT writes were not a few)
Had travell'd hard through wind and rain,
And reach'd as far as CHARLES's wain;
I think, he ſays, if I can read,
Their numbers did the ſtars exceed;
As much, O Prat, as thy renown,
Exceeds the brethren of the gown.
They travell'd with their fledging Legion
Through many a mighty Nabob's region;
And at the leaſt a dozen ſhires,
Well ſtock'd with country bumkin 'ſquires;
Kingdoms, to which this earth and ſea
Would look juſt like an iſſue pea;
At laſt they croſs'd a ſtormy firth,
And pitch'd their ſtandard in the North;
Where DRACO's Royal Palace ſtood,
A Manſion very nigh as good,

As that his Maſter had himſelf,
But yet it hardly pleas'd the elf;
It was upon a hill ſo high,
'Twould reach with us from earth to ſky;
A mountain on a mountain put,
From rocks of gold and diamonds cut;
A rare good country this would be
For our EAST-INDIA Company;
If they could find it; they would make
New Nabobs twice or thrice a week;
Could but their Governors lay hold on,
A diamond mountain, or a gold one;
Or ſome ſuch matter, but anon,
We'll ſpeak of that, and now go on;
This golden rocky di'mond mount,
Had di'mond walls and tow'rs upon't;
All this he did to imitate
His Royal Maſter's pomp and ſtate.
With malice plotting in his brain,
He there aſſembl'd all his train,
Each Nabob, Viceroy, Peer and Thane;
And told 'em he'd receiv'd command,
He did not clearly underſtand;

It

A

It was a call to Council, how
To make the moſt reſpectful bow,
To this ſpank new created Peer,
Who he was told would ev'ry Year,
Take a grand tour through all the realm,
To ſhew folks that he rules the helm;
And let them ſee two Kings we've got,
Tho' one's too many for a S—.
But if my worthy Brethren now,
We ſhould not chuſe to learn this bow,
Which, if I rightly gueſs, will be,
To bow both head and tail, and knee;
You'll own 'tis proper he that choſe it,
Will ſhew what right he has t'impoſe it:
I think, my Friends, we're born as free,
As this new Peer, or any he
That ever trode upon a ſhoe,
Look all the kingdom through and through;
As for myſelf, my Weem ſhall ſplit,
Before I will one inch ſubmit;
Nor do I doubt but all I ſee,
Have got as gallant Souls as me.
'Twas thus his bold and lying Speech,
Rebellion to the crowd did preach;

Who liſt'ned all, and gap'd amain,
But did not ſay one word again:
AMMEL excepted, he, true blue,
An honeſt Cock as ever flew,
With paſſion turn'd as red as ſcarlet,
To hear this Canting, Lying Varlet:
Then anſwer'd thus, thou harden'd Rogue!
Thou damn'd ungrateful mangy Dog!
Of all the bold Aérial crew,
I leaſt expected this from you:
So honour'd as you've always been,
With Stars and Ribbons blue and green,
How dare you think and ſay among
Theſe Sprites, you know the King does wrong?
None, when he gave you that or this,
E'er thought or dreamt he did amiſs?
But rogues, like you, that want to rule
Won't ſtick to ſwear your King's a fool?
And as a glaring inſtance ſhew,
None but a fool had truſted you:
But get you down upon your kneppers,
And pardon beg before he peppers
Your hides and ribs, which I declare
He'll do as ſure as you ſtand there,

If

If ye don't run without delay,
And beg for quarter whilſt ye may.
Thus ſpeaking like a man, we find him,
And yet the De'el a Loon did mind him;
But ſhew'd rebellious inclinations
Beſt ſuited with theſe Northern Nations.
At which half burſt with joy and pride,
He to the honeſt Sprite reply'd;
Sure you don't think, you ſawcy Whelp,
This hoſt of Loons can want your help!
Our own right hands you may depend,
Shall all we ſay or do defend,
And ſhew your Monarch in the ſequel,
That we are ev'ry ſoul his equal;
We therefore dare his rage provoke,
And ſcorn his anger and his yoke:
Go tell him this, and don't ſtand ſcrubbing,
But march if you'll avoid a drubbing;
And ſay that Freedom is the right
Of ev'ry true-born Northern Sprite.
He ſaid, and all the rebel rout
His ſpeech applauded with a ſhout.
But AMMEL, tho' himſelf he found,
By knaves and fools encompaſs'd round,

Yet

Yet calmly ſtood, diſdaining fear,
And boldly ſpoke, as you ſhall hear;
Draco, ſays he, that northern brogue
Confirms me thou waſt born a rogue;
Who canſt againſt a King rebel,
That ever has deſerv'd ſo well
From all his loving ſubjects true,
But moſt of all you Knave from you;
And therefore ſince (tho' late) I find,
To nought but miſchief you're inclin'd,
E'en take your ſwing you ſcurvy elf,
We'll give you Rope to hang yourſelf;
For in a glaſs I plainly ſee,
What will befall thy Crew and thee;
You need not puzzle, Draco, how
To quit your Poſt, depend on't now,
He'll hire no more ſuch Rogues as you.
But yet to ſhew I am not nice,
For once I'll take a Knave's advice;
And tho' I value not a fig,
Your looking fierce and talking big;
Yet I ſhall wag along, leaſt he
Should catch me in ſuch Company;

And whilſt he kicks your wicked rout,
I might perchance get kick'd to boot;
For when he comes in dreadful ire,
With boiling brimſtone all on fire,
With which your ſcurvy hides he'll ſwitch,
And noint you rarely for the itch;
Too late you'll find you have been brewing,
A ſtorm that bring ye all to ruin?
So ſpake this honeſt faithful Sprite,
And ſneering bid the rogues good night.
Then gravely ſtrutted thro' a throng,
That hiſs'd him as he paſs'd along;
And tho' it laſted twenty mile,
You neither ſaw him frown nor ſmile,
But finding all their tents were pitch'd,
And the whole rebel clan bewitch'd,
He gave 'em up, as knowing ſoon,
Their Tents and Tow'rs muſt tumble down,
And all the Authors of this evil,
Be driven headlong to the Devil;
So turn'd his back upon his foes,
And bad 'em kiſs what had no noſe.

End of the Firſt Canto.

THE BATTLE OF THE GENII.

CANTO II.

AMMEL regarded not their din,
But all the night through thick and thin,
Kept jogging on, a brisk dog-trot,
'Till ninety thousand leagues he'd got;
A good round journey, for one night,
Suppose he'd been a short legg'd Sprite.
But these brave Spirits CAITHBAT sings
Had rare long legs, as well as wings;
No wonder then he made his way,
So many leagues by peep of day:

But

But when the morn began to chaſe
Good madam night from off the place,
He look'd about and ſaw from far,
His comrades all prepar'd for war;
Which made the nimble Sprite in doubt,
He muſt have tramp'd ſome miles about;
Becauſe the news within his budget,
Had faſter flown than he could trudge it.
As he went on he ſaw the fields,
Cover'd with flaming ſwords and ſhields;
Brave geldings too and coaches came,
For Spirits fat, and Spirits lame;
As many of them had, no doubt,
By drinking freely got the gout,
They therefore did not chuſe their foes,
Should tread upon their gouty toes;
Theſe loll'd in ſtate like petty Kings,
In chariots hung on Patent Springs.
Others more nimble-heel'd and light,
Like Sawney trotted to the fight;
Whilſt thoſe that bore a pond'rous ſhield,
March'd gravely forward to the field.
Ammel no ſooner join'd the band,
And ſhook each comrade by the hand,

But

But they in haſte directly bring
This Northern Spirit to their King,
To ſhew what Wonders time brought forth,
One honeſt Sprite come from the North.
The King ſent word that he did note him,
And very ſhortly would promote him,
(Which he perform'd a man may ſwear)
No Fav'rite rul'd his Monarch there;
To make him, where he had a pique,
Againſt his mind a promiſe break;
And tell him words were only made,
To bind poor Cits i'th' way of trade;
But noble Peers and nobler Kings,
Were taught to know much better things.

The Gen'ral having got his orders,
To fight the Rebels on the borders,
That juſt divide the north from ſouth,
A place not far from Bannock-mouth;
Away they ſcow'r'd to buckle to't,
Some Sprites in coaches, ſome on foot;
And blew a horn, and beat a drum,
To let the Varlets hear 'em come;

For

For all the world did they appear,
I mean thoſe Sprites that ſkimm'd in air,
Juſt like the flight of birds that came,
To Adam for a Chriſtian name.

Now over many a hill they ſkipt,
And over many a dale they tript,
'Till in the North they ſpy'd eftſoons,
A neſt of Rebel-looking Loons,
With Swords and Targets many a ſcore,
Five hundred million, leſs or more;
Theſe a moſt furious pace did keep,
In hopes to catch the King aſleep,
And then to ſet upon his Throne,
The Thief-like Loon that led 'em on:
But they were bit, this honeſt troop
Of Sprites, depriv'd them of that hope;
And tho' 'tis ſtrange that Sprite with Sprite,
Should meet to clapper-claw and fight,
Who us'd in ev'ry kind of weather,
To feed on Hav're meal together,
And ſing from ALLEN RAMSEY'S notes,
As if they'd tear their ruſty throats;
Should ſtrive, I ſay, with furious hate,
To break each other's dunder pate;

Yet ſo it happen'd now, and I
So much abominate a lye,
That if I did not know it true,
As Teſtaments both Old and New,
I'd ſcorn, my friend, to tell it you.
The Rebel chief, tho' neither fat
Nor lame, yet in a chariot ſat,
To imitate in ev'ry thing,
The King he wanted to Unking;
No gout had he, 'twas downright pride,
That made him in a chariot ride;
For when at Court 'twas plain to ſee,
No Sprite had ſuch a ſtrut as he.
And now the Space 'twixt band and band,
So narrow grew they made a ſtand;
When DRACO ſprang upon the field,
Arm'd with a thund'ring ſpear and ſhield,
And with ſuch mighty ſtrides advanc'd,
You'd think the Monument had danc'd.
The maſſy ſhield of this falſe Loon,
Look'd like a country harveſt moon,
And that he no defence might want,
He got a coat of Adamant,

Finely

Finely embroider'd, as I'm told,
And all the buttons ſolid gold,
For e'er the battle ſhould begin,
DRACO contriv'd to ſave his ſkin;
Then ſtrutted out with haughty port,
Juſt as he us'd to ſtrut at Court.
AMMEL his wrath could not refrain,
At ſeeing ſuch a rogue in grain;
But thus began the angry elf,
To prate and chatter to himſelf.
Now is it not a curſed thing,
This rogue ſhould look ſo like a King;
Deceit from hence may come in vogue,
And a good King look like a rogue;
And then ſtrange errors muſt ariſe,
For honeſt folks won't truſt their Eyes.
But this is a damn'd rogue I know,
Therefore deſpiſe his keeneſt blow;
Becauſe I've heard my Grannum ſay,
Whoever lives will ſee the day,
That fight with ſwords, or fiſts, or ſtaves,
One honeſt man will beat three knaves:
So ſaying, from his comrades ſtout,
This doughty Champion ſallied out,

Half

Half way betwixt the ranks did meet him,
And with the foll'wing Speech did greet him.
Old friend, old foe, again we're met,
And if you don't a drubbing get,
Say I'm miſta'en, you thought to catch
Our King aſleep, and all the watch
Ready to run, or truckle under,
But you have made a woeful blunder,
And have provok'd a King whoſe toe,
Can kick you all to Strumbello;
As for yon poor deluded tools,
I left 'em knaves, and find 'em fools:
When Draco, with a ſcornful ſquint,
Replies, the Devil muſt be in't,
If I don't work your buff, young man,
And teach you to deſert your clan,
When all agreed about the matter,
No Sprite but you preſum'd to chatter,
You ſawcy whelp, but luckily,
You're come within my reach, and I
Your back and ſides ſo well will pay,
You'll wiſh you'd never run away,
Forgetting that our Northern throng,
Stick all together right or wrong;

Whilſt

Whilſt thoſe at Court, and that you'll find,
Can veer about with ev'ry wind,
And in their hearts would rather be,
A penſion'd ſet of Slaves than free.
When AMMEL thus, to call thoſe free,
That ſerve ſo great a rogue as thee
Is queer enough; but know, thou knave,
We ſerve a King, they ſerve a Slave.
This ſaid, he took no time to pauſe,
But lent him a rare dowſe o'th' jaws;
His knuckles were ſo plaguy hard,
They knock'd him backward many a yard;
Nine Spaniſh paces tumbl'd he,
The tenth he pitch'd upon his knee;
His mighty ſpear, a firſt-rate maſt,
Was forc'd to bring him up at laſt,
By clapping th' end againſt the ſtones,
Or ſure enough he'd broke his bones.
The Rebel Clans with great amaze,
On this pert looking Spirit gaze,
And wonder'd much a chatt'ring ſpark,
Who ſeem'd ſome wrangling Lawyer's clerk,
Or at the beſt a ſpecial pleader,
Should dare to face their haughty Leader.

But grief and rage poſſeſt 'em ſoon,
To find his fiſt had knock'd him down;
The honeſt Sprites for joy did jump,
To ſee he'd lent him ſuch a plump,
Knowing that good beginnings tend,
With care to make as good an end.
On this the Royal Gen'ral comes,
And bid the drummers brace their drums,
And all the trumpeters prepare
Their cheeks, to ſound the blaſt of war;
Whilſt ſome that troubl'd were with qualms,
Hearten'd themſelves by ſinging pſalms;
But hardly two full ſtaves had chaunted,
Before they were in battle wanted.
For now the Loons with all their might,
Began to kick, and ſcratch, and bite,
And ſet up ſuch a horrid roar,
'Twas heard a hundred leagues or more;
Whilſt Target againſt Target bump'd,
And Noddle againſt Noddle thump'd;
As all their Helms were chriſtal rock,
When they each other's Nobs did knock,
But ſure it made a dreadful ſhock;
And

And chariot-wheels kept ſuch a rumbling,
You'd ſwear that Babel's Tower was tumbling:
Whilſt half burnt ſticks in vollies flew,
Amidſt this wrathful angry crew,
With ſuch amazing force and ire,
They almoſt ſet the ſky on fire;
Nor can it be a wonder thought,
When millions of ſuch Spirits fought;
The leaſt of whom this world could weild,
And take all Europe for a ſhield;
Or in a merry mood for fun,
Kick the full moon againſt the ſun:
Ten millon ſuch as theſe when ſquabb'ling,
Muſt make rare clatter with their brabb'ling,
And would 'tis certain in few hours,
Have kick'd all regions out of doors,
Had not their King their rage to barr,
Check'd 'em by Articles of War;
But ſtill each common Spirit fought,
And laid about him neck or nought;
As if upon his proweſs lay;
The fate of this moſt dreadful day;
Nor did the meaneſt Goblin there,
So much as know what 'twas to fear;

And

And therefore could not in the fray,
Conceive a thought to run away.
In ſhort, ſuch mighty feats were done,
Before a ſingle Sprite would run.
To tell them would your ſenſe ſurprize,
And make you ſwear me nought but lies.
Howe'er, in ſpite of what you ſay,
Or ſwear; they fought it out all day;
Sometimes on firm ground battl'd fair,
Sometimes like buzzards in the air,
And gave themſelves ſuch bumps and flings,
They rais'd a whirlwind with their wings.
Long time it hung in equal ſcale,
Whether the Rebels would prevail,
Or get well drubb'd till DRACO who,
Had dealt and taken many a blow,
Unluckily did LEGNOR ſpy,
Smiting his raſcals hip and thigh;
He haſt'ned to oppoſe the ſhock,
And for a Target took a rock,
In ſize about as big again,
As England, Scotland, France and Spain;
Now LEGNOR, who the Loons was thraſhing,
Soon as he ſaw him left off flaſhing,

In

In hopes to end all further pains,
By knocking out his roguiſh brains;
He therefore made ſome haſte to meet him,
And cooly thus began to greet him:
Draco, ſays he, I'll tell you ſoon,
You are a d—d ill favour'd Loon,
'Tis no great odds but your curſt paſſion,
Will bring rebellion into faſhion;
A thing before unknown till you,
And your vile whores-birds rais'd one now;
But I will ſowſe your jackets well,
And drive your ſcoundrels all to Hell,
Or a worſe place; a land in which
Famine, rebellion, and the itch,
Shall be the lot of poor and rich;
So quietly your journey take ye,
You may as well before I make ye.

He ſpoke; and thus the rebel Chief
(A plaguy paſſionate falſe thief)
Replies; what can your whelpſhip find
In me, to think I'm ſcar'd with wind;
Or do you take me for a cully?
That any ſawcy ſcrub may bully.

Without dry blows, my ſcurvy friend,
We hardly part you may depend;
Be ſure I did not ſeek thee out,
But with intention to diſpute
Each inch of ground; and let thee ſee,
I'll conquer both thy King and thee.

THE Parle thus ended, each bold Sprite,
Prepar'd his ſword and ſhield for fight;
Words can't deſcribe how fierce theſe foes
Appear'd, when ſtanding on their toes,
So tall they grew, and look'd ſo high,
A ſingle ſparrow could not fly,
Betwixt their noddles and the ſky.
They wav'd in air, their backſwords keen,
With ſuch prodigious wrath and ſpleen,
That with the very wind alone,
Five thouſand Spirits tumbl'd down;
But ſoon got up, and then the elves
Took better care to ſave themſelves;
They nimbly whipp'd from ſide to ſide,
And left a circle nine miles wide,
If ſhort things may compare with taller,
Juſt ſuch a ring, but rather ſmaller,

You see the wide-mouth'd rabble make,
When they have got a bull at stake.

And now they both together reckon'd,
A good first blow would save a second;
So aim'd at once, but LIONOR's blade,
Was by that dext'rous Cutler made,
From whom FERRARA stole his trade.
It fell with such a weighty blow,
As cut poor DRACO's blade in two;
And sliding with a thund'ring shock,
From off his noddle lopp'd a rock:
The piece that tumbled from his skull,
Fell down and form'd the Isle of Mull;
Then to the right the sabre wheel'd,
And cut a slice from off his shield;
Nor stopt it there, but further flew,
And cut poor DRACO half in two;
What could he do in such a case?
But make a damnable wry face;
And wreath'd himself from side to side,
Like Culprits at a cart-tail ty'd:
Forth rush'd his blood, but blood of Sprite,
They say, is neither red nor white,

But of a mealy-colour'd grey,
Reſembling dirty curds and whey;
It dropp'd by gallons o'er the field,
And ſtain'd the poliſh of his ſhield.
At this his fellow Sprites approach,
And bear the Rebel to his coach.
A Coach? Why, Sir, that's nothing new,
All Rebels ride in coaches now;
Therefore no interruption pray,
They bore him to his coach we'll ſay,
Making ſuch mouths for rage and ſpite,
As if the very ground he'd bite;
Quite mad to think that Loyalty,
Had got a ſtronger arm than he.
As for the wound of this queer Loon,
It heel'd itſelf up very ſoon;
For like the Polypus, 'tis ſaid,
Theſe Spirits are all tail and head,
And with the Polypus we know,
New heads and tails will quickly grow.
In the mean time in other quarters,
They fought like Carthaginian Tartars,
Duſted each others jackets well,
Whilſt honeſt GRANDA fell Pell-mell

On ELCHUS, a moſt furious Sprite,
Who full of helliſh rage and ſpite,
Swore he would tye him neck and heels,
And drag him at his chariot wheels:
Nor ſtopp'd he there, but let him know,
He'd ſerve his Royal Maſter ſo;
But GRANDA lent him ſuch a thump,
As made the ſawcy raſcal jump,
And forc'd the Whelp for fear of more,
To roar and run, and run and roar.
GLANBUCK the ſurer to prevail,
Had got a di'mond coat of male,
And wicked Steward-roy his brother,
Had ſheath'd himſelf in ſuch another.
But USQUE and MURDON being nigh,
Soon made their di'mond doublets fly,
With ribs and ſides beat black and blue,
Away the bluſt'ring varlets flew.

AMMEL, who left them in the north,
When firſt rebellion ſally'd forth,
Now he had got them on the hip,
Would not ſuch rare occaſion ſlip;

But GILLUS and his mate o'erthrew,
Two wicked Sprites as ever flew;
And SIMON SCOT, a ſly old ſoaker,
He roaſted with a red hot poker.

TEN thouſand feats were done that day,
By Sprites who ſhew'd in this great fray,
More valour, than St. GEORGE could brag on,
When he attack'd the blue green dragon;
And to give ev'ry de'el his due,
The wicked rogues fought ſtoutly too;
But the good Sprites whoſe arms did rout 'em,
Don't mind what mortals ſay about 'em;
And for the wicked rogues we think,
'Tis beſt to let their mem'ries ſtink,
And all their carcaſes ſo rotten,
Lye everlaſtingly forgotten,
Leaſt mortal rogues in future times,
Should imitate their helliſh crimes.

AND now their Chiefs had got well thraſh'd,
The leſſer rogues were quickly ſmaſh'd;
Nor could the field of battle keep,
But ſoon were driven on a heap,

Their

Their rocky ſhields in pieces ſcatter'd,
And all their di'mond dublets ſhatter'd;
While coaches make a fearful rumble,
And horſes over horſes tumble;
That frighten'd out of all their ſenſe,
They hardly made the leaſt defence:
Fear, which before they never knew,
Began to claim acquaintance now,
And told them, ſince they could not ſtay,
She thought 'twas beſt to run away;
And run they did at ſuch a rate,
You'd think 'em running for a plate;
But thoſe that thought ſo were miſtaken,
They only ran to ſave their bacon,
Which they effected for this bout,
'Cauſe no light horſemen were ſent out;
And they'd no orders in this caſe,
To break their ranks by giving chace;
Beſides, the day with all his light,
Was giving place to Mrs. Night,
Who ſilence call'd, and bad them ſtay,
From fighting any more till day;
For ſhe an enemy to riot,
Wanted good folks to ſleep in quiet;

What noiſe ſhe heard within her doors,
Was made by conſtables and whores;
Unleſs perhaps ſome drunken beaſt,
Came roaring from a Lord Mayor's feaſt.

LIGNOR with all his loyal cattle,
Remain'd upon the field of battle;
Where placing boys with links to keep,
A ſharp look out they went to ſleep.

End of the Second CANTO.

CANTO

THE BATTLE OF THE GENII.

CANTO III.

NOW Draco with his rebel crew,
Into the dismal North withdrew;
But sleep he could not for his ears,
So call'd to council all his Peers
And thus began: my thanes so stout,
That we've been finely kick'd about;
There's none amongst us can deny,
And if they did, they'd tell a lye,
But are not conquer'd therefore we,
Are worthy not of Liberty

Alone, but great as well as ſmall,
Ought to be Kings or Nabobs all;
Who have endur'd ſo ſtout a fight,
Againſt this King of trumps, till night;
And if one night! why may not we,
Fight him to all eternity?
For be aſſur'd that he was glad
To ſend the boldeſt bucks he had;
To drub us heartily, and make us,
Return to ſlavery or take us.
But they've done neither; ſo you ſee
They may miſtake, as well as we;
And if that proves the caſe, I hope
You'll own with me, their King's no Pope;
Tho' once we falſly thought him ſo,
And run in crowds to kiſs his toe,
But now much better things we know.
'Tis true; our helms, and ſhields, and ſpears,
Were not by half ſo good as theirs,
Which made us feel ſome baſtings ſore,
Such as we never felt before:
But ſince we find that pain can quaſh us,
If they once more ſhould chance to thraſh us;

But we can rally to the plain,
And fight, and fight, and fight, again.
The firſt things that we have to do,
Is to conſider calmly how
We may by art, or threats, or pray'rs,
Purchaſe ſome arms as good as theirs;
Nor care if we can make them feel 'em,
Whether we beg, or buy, or ſteal 'em.
The moment he had clos'd his chat,
Like modern ſpeakers down he ſat;
Looking as wiſe as Juſtice C—x,
When ſending drunken rogues to th' ſtocks;

THEN ſtarted up a mighty Thane,
You'd think the Don was born in Spain;
So large he look'd, and ſcorn'd to hide,
A ſingle Atom of his pride;
But yet in ſpite of all his tow'ring,
He ſeem'd to've juſt eſcap'd a ſcow'ring;
And ſhew'd you plainly by his ſcrubbing,
He'd juſt receiv'd a handſome drubbing.

THIS leader of a rawbon'd clan,
Of ragged loons; his ſpeech began.

Deliv'rer

Deliv'rer from new Lords, new laws,
Defender of the good old cauſe;
For well we know by right divine,
The ſway continues in our line;
Or oughs to do, for all agree
No H————n family
Shall e'er command ſuch Thanes as we,
We'll therefore fight till fighting's good,
And box it ancle deep in blood:
But what advantage has a Thane,
Or Duke, if he muſt fight in pain;
Whilſt ſafe within their ſloughs our foes,
Don't feel the fierceſt of our blows;
At this rate ſure at ev'ry bout,
They more and more will tire us out;
Rather than drink this bitter cup,
We certainly ſhall give it up;
Unleſs we find ſome new invention,
(A thing which merits our attention);
To get us blades of temper'd ſtuff,
Such as will work their loyal buff;
Or by ſome other method try,
To make their di'mond jackets fly;

For

For tho' we fight and fight again,
We cannot always fight in pain,
Contrive we to be free from ſmart,
Pleaſure I'll ſpare with all my heart;
For that's a thing, ſans, all diſpute,
A hero may ſubſiſt without;
But patience finds it is in vain,
To fight againſt eternal pain;
He therefore that can both invent 'em,
And forge ſuch arms as may torment 'em;
Shall by us all exalted be,
Within an inch as high as thee.
Draco at this, with look as wiſe,
As lawyers when they're forging lies;
Or wiſe phyſicians when in vain,
They're ſmelling at their Pinchbeck cane;
In mighty hopes, tho' oft it fails,
Of gueſſing what their patient ails;
(For at this time both great and ſmall,
Are well convinc'd 'tis gueſs-work all;)
Replies, don't think my noble Thanes,
That I han't got my ſhare of brains.
This thing my plotting nob has hit on,
The very ſurface that we ſit on,

Whereon grows trees and flowers and graſs,
With ſhining ſilver, gold and braſs,
Contains within, if I judge right,
A ſulphur which when brought to light,
And made into a helliſh duſt,
We into hollow tubes will thruſt;
Then bore a hole at t'other end,
From whence a ſpark of fire ſhall ſend,
Such meſſengers; that you ſhall ſoon
Spy their beſt troopers tumbling down,
And make the ſcoundrels fear we've been,
To ſteal their Royal Magazine:
This matter ſhall be finiſh'd quite,
An hour or two before its light;
Mean time chear up, and don't deſpair,
Faint heart ne'er won a Lady fair.

THESE words their drooping courage chear,
Reviv'd their hopes and baniſh'd fear;
Yet all were rather on a grumble,
They cou'd not on th' invention ſtumble,
Of what ſo eaſy ſeem'd to do,
Now the arch rogue had ſhewn 'em how;

But

But ſome ſad dog with vile intention,
Will ſhew to mortal rogues th' invention;
And then ſo prone are they to evils,
They'll fight in fire and ſmoke like devils.

And now all hands to work were ſet,
Theſe precious inſtruments to get;
They fell to turning up the ground,
Where Brimstone in great ſtore they found;
Others employ'd in work much ſweeter,
Labour'd in digging up ſalt-petre;
Whilſt ſome as black as devils ſtood,
Burning to charcoal loads of wood;
With all this buſtle, noiſe and ſtir,
They made ſuch heaps of gunpowder,
As would have blown this earth and ſea,
Behind the moon as eaſily,
As boys through tubes can puff a pea.
Others found out and brought great ſtore,
Of iron melted from the oar,
Which pouring into caverns vaſt,
Cannons and balls, and bombs they caſt;
Whilſt others buſy were to patch
Old rags; and twiſt 'em into match.

This

This hurly burly you muſt mark,
Began and ended in the dark;
And all in order ſet before,
The morning op'd her chamber-door:
But ſoon as ſhe began to peep,
The Loyal Spirit rous'd from ſleep,
And blew a large ſowgelder's horn,
To let their comrades know 'twas morn;
Who ſoon their ſtoney jackets put on,
To which a rock juſt made a button;
And therefore you may well believe,
They us'd no buttons on the ſleeve;
But like the ſtiff-rump'd Quakers wore,
A ſingle dozen down before.
Some light-arm'd Spirits flew about
The hills; to ſpy the Rebels out.
The helmets of thoſe Sprites that flew
On errands, ſeem'd to diſtant view
Near, if not quite, as big again,
As the great Doom in Warwick-lane;
On which the tribe to ſhew their ſkill,
Have ſtuck a noble gilded Pill.
Theſe helms with eaſe about they bore,
With which they little vizors wore,

Made

Made to defend their cheeks from ſcars,
Reſembling Newgate double bars;
Helmets for Sprites ſent to and fro;
As big as St. Paul's cupulo,
You'll own with me would never do;
Therefore this ſmaller ſort the trade,
With armour in proportion made,
Suits that would fit a beau or ſpinſter,
About the ſize of Lincoln minſter.
Theſe nimble Spirits on the plain,
Soon 'ſpy'd the Rebels come again,
And ſent a meſſage out of hand,
The ſwifteſt Sprite in all their band,
One Lightfoot, who without a pun,
Could faſter fly than Frenchmen run.
Z——s ſays Sir Peter, by the bye,
This northern bard muſt tell a lye,
For ne'er a Hawke beneath the ſun,
Can fly ſo faſt as Frenchmen run;
Elſe would they all the other day;
Been ſous'd i'th' bottom of the ſea;
But half were ſav'd, becauſe the folk
Outflew the peerleſs Engliſh Hawke.

But to return, ſo very faſt
This Lightfoot flew, he ſweat for haſte;
And roaring came, ſoho, ſoho,
The enemy are juſt below,
Yon craggy hill, a mile or ſo;
Tye faſt your caps your nobs upon,
And button cloſe your jackets on,
And hold your ſhields up firm and fairly,
Or elſe you will be pepper'd rarely;
For if I form my judgment right,
With fire and ſword they come to fight;
Stern DRACO, whom we hop'd was gone,
With Highland ſtrides is coming on;
He marches in a helliſh fury,
And looks d—d ſulky, I aſſure ye;
Swearing (what makes my gullet ake)
He'll neither quarter give nor take:
Thus did he warn 'em o'er and o'er,
Of what they partly gueſs'd before;
Howe'er, that nought their ſpeed might ſtay,
They threw their knapſacks all way,
And every other thing that might,
Obſtruct their motions in the fight:

You'd

You'd laugh to ſee the ground o'erſpread,
With cheeſe and ammunition bread;
Their ſtomachs ſtood not now for eating,
So much as to avoid a beating;
Elſe would they upon no condition,
Have parted with their ammunition;
But if the field they ſhould maintain,
They'd ſoon pick up the cheeſe again;
And if it prov'd ſuch luckleſs ſport,
That they were forc'd to ſcamper for't,
The hungry Loons would ſtop to eat,
Whilſt they could make a ſafe retreat.

And now drawn up they mov'd along,
About nine hundred million ſtrong;
Soon they perceiv'd the Rebel race,
Marching an Aldermannic pace,
Their motion was ſo very ſlow,
'Cauſe they that did the cannon drow,
Could not move faſter, and they knew,
Without 'em they could nothing do.
And now both ſides ſtood front to front,
Preparing for a ſecond brunt;

When

When Draco ſuddenly appeared,
And in a canting tone was heard,
To ſpeak as thus, My ſons of might,
Fall back and open to the right,
By which our foes will ſee and feel,
How fair and openly we deal;
Such rare embaſſadors we'll ſend
For peace, their hair ſhall ſtand on end
To hear 'em ſpeak; but if they turn,
And treat our arguments with ſcorn,
Or ſtart aſide, as much I fear
They will, when they our terms ſhall hear,
Be witneſs all ye Sprites and powers,
The fault muſt be their own, not ours:
Therefore do you that ready ſtand,
Diſcharge the matter now in hand,
And briefly touch what we propoſe,
Few words the argument will cloſe.

Thus Draco put a roguiſh ſenſe,
On honeſt words, which ever ſince
Has been exactly copy'd by
All Preſbyterians when they lye.

Before

Before the ſpeech was finiſh'd quite,
The Loons had march'd to left and right,
Letting the honeſt goblins ſee,
A ſample of their roguery;
Inſtant before their eyes, appear'd
A triple row of cannon, rear'd
On frames with wheels, and ev'ry gun,
On its own proper frame could run.
The loyal harmleſs honeſt ſouls,
Took all theſe engines for long poles;
And ne'er ſuſpecting miſchief brewing,
Wonder'd what theſe arch rogues were doing;
When quickly thoſe upon the watch,
To ev'ry touch hole clap'd their match;
On which the guns began to roar,
Such noiſe they never heard before,
And ſent ſuch quantity of ſmoke,
And fire, as would a devil choak;
Mixt up with ruſty nails and bullets;
Enough to tear out all their gullets;
But that their armour was ſo tough,
It made a ſhift to ſave their buff,
But cou'd not guard 'em being thrown,
By millons and ten millions down.

In this confuſion how they jumbl'd !
Whilſt over neck and heels they tumbl'd ;
I cannot picture for my ſoul,
But this thick armour made 'em roll,
I ſpeak at leaſt, from pole to pole,
Tho' they this ſmall advantage got,
It roll'd them out of cannon ſhot,
And gave 'em time to try and ſtrain,
If they could find their legs again ;
Which when they'd done in any caſe,
Theſe roaring guns they durſt not face ;
Fearing the lead and iron nuts,
Should lend 'em t'other kick o'th' guts ;
For through their teleſcopes they ſaw,
Another dreadful looking row,
Of theſe ſame guns a monſtrous tire,
With matches lighted to give fire ;
Whilſt in ſuſpence to ſtay or run,
DRACO to whom this ſcene was fun,
Began in merry mood to chatter :
Pray, what the pox, can be the matter ?
With thoſe bold bucks and bloods, you ſay,
Beat us ſo ſtoutly yeſterday ;

What

What they can mean by this odd motion?
For my part, I can have no notion.
But if they by deſign or chance,
Intend it for a country dance,
As hap they may, it is, I know,
The queereſt dance I ever ſaw,
Since the firſt offer gives ſuch joy,
The ſecond if our ſkill we try,
Muſt make them jump three quarters high.

At this the Rebel Fergus ſpoke,
He wanted too to club his joke:
Gen'ral, ſays he, I think we ſent 'em,
Such offers as might well content 'em;
Good weighty arguments of courſe,
In all debates muſt have great force;
Unleſs when one of that grave tribe,
Call'd judges, chance to take a bribe;
Where that's the caſe unmov'd he'd ſit,
And hear an Angel or a Pitt;
But ours, tho' couch'd in terms moſt humble,
Have made the proudeſt of 'em ſtumble;
I think, my Gen'ral, if we pour,
Of arguments, a ſecond ſhow'r,

They'll hardly want a country ſcraper,
To make them cut the t'other caper,

Thus did the Loons themſelves deceive,
And all did verily believe,
They'd gain'd the Victory as ſure,
As the Scots did at Sheriff Moor;
Where both ſides ſwore they got the day,
And both ran luſtily away:
As for the troops that ſtood before,
Their eyes, they minded them no more,
Than Molley ****** minds a wench,
Or Engliſh Tarrs regard the French;
But to the ſorrow of each Loon,
The Loyal Sprites recover'd ſoon,
Unſlung their mighty potlids; of
Their arms, and then their jackets doff
In ſuch great haſte, that ev'ry now
And then, a rocky button flew
From their ſtone doublets, with ſuch clatter
And force, our ſtrongeſt Tow'rs they'd batter,
And fifty thouſand times as ſoon,
As bumbs or cannon thump 'em down.
Away they flew and took up hills,
With all their woods and rocks and rills,

So

So large the Pike of Teneriffe,
(If what I ſay may gain belief,)
Compar'd with them would ſeem in hight,
A ſugar-loaf of ten pounds weight.
Theſe hills ſo large, and rocks to bout,
The Goblins pull'd up by the root;
And carrying them upon their backs,
As Highland pedlars carry packs,
To the late field of battle hurry'd,
And all the Rebels cannon bury'd,
Then coming with a freſh ſupply,
At the falſe Loons themſelves let fly,
Cas'd in their jackets made of rock,
The Varlets could not 'ſcape the ſhock,
But ſaw the hillocks come upon 'em,
And for their ſouls they could not ſhun 'em.
At other times they'd nimbly whip,
And through a crack or key-hole ſlip;
But now their doublets kept 'em faſt,
As thieves when into Newgate caſt.
Their jackets now they could not uſe 'em,
Serv'd for no purpoſe but to bruiſe 'em;
Full ſore the heavy mountains teiz'd 'em,
And almoſt flat as pancakes squeez'd them;

For at the laſt it was, about
An hour, e'er they could wriggle out;
And all the time in ſuch great pain,
As made 'em grin and ſweat again.
But when their Liberty they got,
Like ſmoke away the Varlets ſhot,
Reſolved their enemies to kill,
They fetch'd 'em every Sprite a hill,
Which this rebellious wicked crew,
At the brave Loyal Spirits threw,
With ſuch prodigious duſt and and ſmother,
That ſchool-boys pelting one another,
With turnep-tops or dung of cattle,
Seems nothing to this furious battle;
Beſide, they roar'd with ſuch a voice,
And made ſure dire infernal noiſe,
That Trainbands on a muſt'ring day,
Or Criticks damning a new play,
Tearing the benches that they ſit on,
Or Sheriffs burning a North Briton;
Or Doctors in a grand diſpute,
Could not for noiſe exceed this rout;
To ſuch a height the ſtorm was got,
That all the realm had gone to pot,

Had not their King, who ſat where he
The thickeſt of the fight could ſee,
Full well perceiv'd the ſons of whores,
Would drive his kingdom out of doors,
Unleſs he found a ſhorter way,
To put a period to the fray;
Tho' he, or I'm miſtaken, knew,
When he thought proper, what to do;
But for ſome cauſe he choſe to ſmother,
Permitted them to pelt each other;
This trick ſome kings of late have done,
And let their ſubjects fight for fun;
To ſhew 'em when dry blows did cool 'em,
Nought but a ſteady King could rule 'em:
But, as I ſaid; for cauſe unknown,
So far he let them battle on;
Tho' now he thought it time to ſtop,
And make the hurly burly drop;
So call'd a fav'rite pretty lad,
The only younker that he had,
To whom he ſpoke: My boy! by thee
This Fray of Frays muſt ended be.
I'll dub thee with the chief command,
Of all the Forces in the Land;

For

For if we don't cut ſhort the fray,
They'll fight for ever and a day,
With ſwords, and guns, and rocks, and hills,
And towns, and woods, and water-mills;
For two whole days they've laid about 'em,
But on the third thy arm ſhall rout them.
Take then my coach, ſo heavy, that
'Twill lay the Rebel army flat;
With ſtore of guns and piſtols in it,
To fire upon 'em ev'ry minute;
When in a running mood you find 'em,
Don't give 'em time to look behind 'em;
But for their uſage ſo uncivil,
Drive ev'ry Scoundrel to the D——l.

He ſaid no more but ſat aſide,
When thus the Valiant Youth reply'd;
Whate'er my mighty King ſhall ſay,
'Tis he commands, and I obey.
The Loons will ſcamper with a whiz,
Soon as they ſpy my furious phiz;
Depend I'll drive the rogues Pell-mell,
To Callidonia, or to Hell;

No

No matter which; as either place,
Will breed a diſcontented race,
A pack of Raſcals prone to riot,
Not to know when they ſlept in quiet.
But I conceive why things go wrong,
We kept them in the South too long;
'Tis that has made the Varlets crazy,
They fed too high, and liv'd too lazy;
But I ſhall make them wiſh they'd rather,
Walk'd barefoot fifty miles together,
On ſharp Scotch flints, than ventur'd now,
To dare provoke both me and you.

He ſaid no more but walk'd away,
To give his orders for the day;
For now the Palace-royal Cock
Had crow'd, they knew 'twas three o'clock;
On which the morn began to peep,
And wak'd the lazy grooms from ſleep;
Who rubb'd their eyes, then ſet about,
To bring the royal chariot out.
Away his royal chariot flew,
Whoſe wheels were wheels and horſes too;

A rare invention, I may ſay,
To ſave th' expence of corn and hay;
I recollect one ſuch I ſaw,
Whoſe moving wheels themſelves could draw:
But on a little cool reflection,
They could not bring it to perfection,
Elſe ev'ry ſlender man of gown,
And ev'ry empty quack in town,
Would purchaſe one, 'twould ſave 'em clear,
At leaſt an hundred pounds a year,
And that you'll own's a ſtriking ſum,
To folks that live upon the hum;
I call it hum, becauſe their labours
Tend only to humbug their neighbours.
But that I may my tale purſue,
Away this nimble chariot flew,
With ſwords and guns, and piſtols twenty,
And fire and flame, and ſmoke in plenty;
Ten thouſand body guards we find,
Were order'd to keep cloſe behind;
And to convince you they had ſtore
Of chariots; twenty thouſand more;
Or elſe our Highland author ly'd,
Were rang'd along from ſide to ſide;

But

But if I mark him it appear'd,
That he the very number heard;
And ſo perhaps the caſe might be,
For men you know can't ſpirits ſee.
But as for LEGNOR, I can tell ye,
His heart for joy jump'd in his belly;
For tho' two days the rogues he'd dows'd,
He fear'd at laſt he might get fows'd;
As ev'ry hour enrag'd by evils,
The Loons fought more and more like devils
Therefore the Gen'rals caſe was ſuch,
This reinforcement pleas'd him much;
Becauſe he had in his own Corps
Some Dutch built Sprites, he ne'er before
Had try'd, who when the fray begun,
He fear'd, would neither fight nor run;
But if he fail'd, with all their hearts,
Would freely take the Rebels parts;
And if he ſtill ſhould keep 'em under,
They then would claim their ſhare of plunder;
So either way the Gen'ral knew,
They were an uſeleſs fat-rump'd Crew.
Not much unlike the caſe of WADE,
When CUMBERLAND came to his aid,

And

And gave the Scots ſo rare a drubbing,
That they have ever ſince been ſcrubbing.
To rub the dire remembrance out,
But all their rubbing will not do't;
Tho' I'm inform'd, but pray don't ſmile,
They've ſet up poſts at ev'ry mile,
To rub thoſe parts that chance to itch,
Where their lank fingers cannot reach;
But they may rub till they are rotten,
Before that day will be forgotten;
And therefore all the Scratching band
Hate the great name of CUMBERLAND.
But to return, the Gen'ral he,
You may be ſure, with no ſmall glee,
His Gen'raliſſimo did ſee.
Quickly he call'd his people o'er,
To mix 'em with the Royal Corps;
And then into his Highneſs' hand,
Reſign'd the enſign of command.
The King had, to prevent delay,
An order iſſued out that day,
To ſmooth and level all the plain,
And ſet the hillocks right again;

And that he might good-manners teach 'em,
Order'd new Turnpike roads to reach 'em.
All this the ſtoady Rebels ſaw,
And knew they cou'd not 'ſcape the law,
Yet would they not in any caſe,
(Tho' gallows ſtar'd 'em in the face)
Be brought to know the plight they're in,
Or own Rebellion any ſin;
But full of envious ſpite to ſee,
Succeſs attend on Loyalty,
Reſolved to ſhut their eyes and ears,
And blindly fight like dogs with bears;
Tho' certain when the battle's puſh'd,
To have their heads in pieces cruſh'd;
But envious people, take my word,
Do things of all the moſt abſurd;
Howe'er, reſolv'd to win or fall,
They ſtood as firmly as a wall.
When thus the Royal Gen'ral ſpoke,
Stand ſtill ye honeſt Loyal folk,
For bravely have ye to your praiſe,
Battled theſe ſturdy Loons two days,
And faithfully your Monarch guarded,
For which mayhap you'll get regarded,

Some with a paſs to ſteal or beg,
And others with a wooden leg,
Which you yourſelves muſt pay th' expence on,
Whether you have, or have no penſion;
Whilſt thoſe that are the fitteſt for't,
May get a place to pimp at Court.
But ſtand ye ſtill, and you ſhall ſee,
As theſe bold Rebels envy'd me;
And me alone, alone I'll fright 'em,
And with this ſingle right hand ſmite 'em;
That he who wanted to diſplace me,
May fairly try if he dare face me,

He ſaid no more; but 'gan to lowr,
And wore a countenance ſo ſour,
That had their drink been brewd too ſmall,
To vinegar he'd turn'd it all.
Thus full of wrath he bent his way,
And all his rockets 'gan to play;
Keeping up one continu'd popping,
From guns and piſtols, without ſtopping;
And whilſt his wheels cruſh'd all their ribs,
He fir'd off fifty thouſand ſquibs,

Made

Made by ſome engineer ſo well,
They'd ſmoke the Devil out of Hell:
Theſe back'd by twenty million crackers,
(Which faith I think were no bad backers)
Compleatly finiſh'd all the fray,
And drove the Scoundrels far away;
So far, they ne'er again were ſeen,
Till ſev'nteen hundred and fifteen;
And thoſe that then were left alive,
Appear'd again in forty-five;
But then in ſpite of all their ſcrubbing,
They got another handſome drubbing.
Convinc'd at laſt that open force,
Serv'd but to make them worſe and worſe;
They e'en reſolv'd to give it o'er,
And truſt Ferrara's Blades no more;
But ſend ſome cunning Sprite to court,
Where knaves as well as fools reſort:
This Errand did great Draco ſuit,
He call'd himſelf the — of —;
There he the arts of thriving try'd,
Cring'd, ſcrap'd, and flatter'd, fawn'd and ly'd,

Till

Till in a very little ſpace
He got a kind of Tutor's place.
Then taught the King a thouſand tricks,
How to make Courtiers leap o'er ſticks;
By which he got the upper hand,
And ſpread confuſion o'er the Land;
But the good King, whoſe Soul's too pure,
Such wicked Varlets long t'endure;
Will rouſe at laſt, and in a Flame,
Send him to Hell from whence he came;
Or, what's as bad, to ſome ſuch hot land;
Or ten times worſe, the North of *Scotland*.

11:7:49

FINIS.